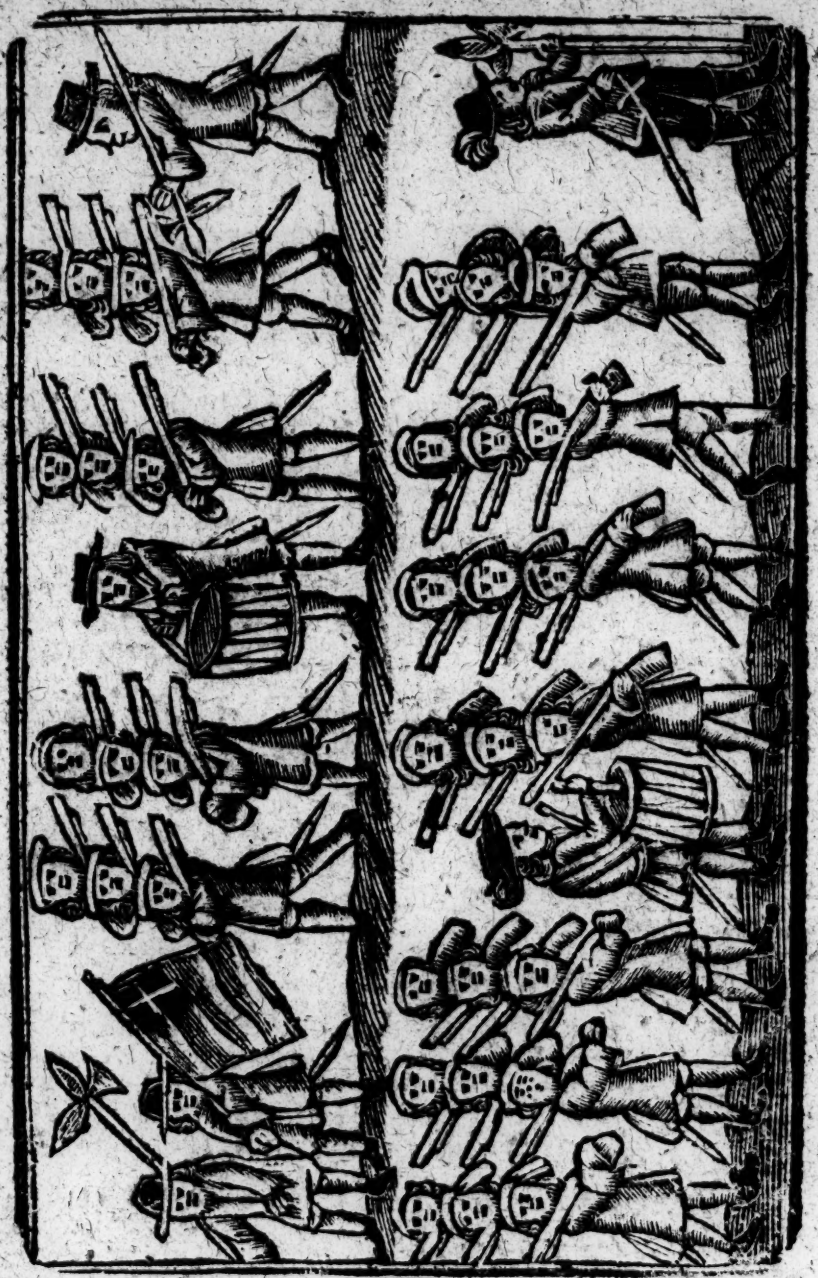
The Pleaſant and Delightful

Hiſtory of *Johnny Armſtrong:*



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HISTORY

OF THE

Renowned Northern WORTHY,

Johnny Armstrong,

OF

WESTMORELAND

SHEWING

His many Noble Deeds in his Youth in divers Countries, in Arms against the Turks and Saracens in the *Holy Land*; and how, settling at *Guiltnock-hall* in *Westmoreland* he by his Industry, without any Estate in Lands or Rents kept eightscore Men to attend him, richly apparell'd, well-mounted, and armed: How he married a fair Lady, a poor Knight's Daughter, and of the noble Entertainment at his Wedding, who brought him a fair Son: Also an Account of his many Victories over the *Scots*, and how going to *Edenborough* upon the friendly Invitation of that King he and his Men were all slain, valiently fighting, whose Death was revenged by his Son; with many other Matters of Note.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

LONDON:
Printed by *Tho. Norris*, and sold by the Booksellers.

THE HISTORY OF Johnny Armstrong, OF *WESTMORELAND*, &c.

CHAP. I.

How in his youthful Days following Wars abroad in the Holy Land, *and other Countries, he learned the Art of Arms, came off with great Success and Applause; and after his Return, settled at* Guiltnock-hall, *in* Westmoreland; *and of the noble Entertainment he gave to his hundred and sixty Men.*

IN former Times when the Wars were frequent between *England* and *Scotland*, before the two Kingdoms were united in King *James* the First of *England*, and Sixth of *Scotland*, the bordering Countries, by reason of the Inroads that were made, were sometimes possessed by one Nation, and sometimes

by another; so that in these Contests there happened to live in *Westmoreland*, a brave and jolly Man named *Johnny Armstrong*, who made it his Business to keep up the good and laudible Customs of Charity, supplying the Poor with Cloaths and Food, not denying to any that asked; so that for his Liberality he was famed every where, and extreamly beloved by all, as well of his rich Neighbours as poor Ones; and though he had no free estate, yet there was such a Providence upon his Industry, which he used many ways, as in cloathing, buying and selling Forrests of Timber, breeding Cattle, and the like, that his Store vastly encreased, insomuch that a great many wondered how he could live at the rate he did, not well knowing how his Incomes should maintain it. For building a long Hall on purpose; he had a Table every Day furnished for eightscore Men, which he not only fed, but kept cloathed, and maintained in all other Matters; having Horse and Arms upon Occasion for the Defence of his Country, ready for them to mount, taking great Delight to exercise them, having been trained up a Soldier in foreign Lands, fighting against the Turks and Sarazens many Years in his youthful Days, and done great exploits which made him by many be stiled the Champion of the North, so that he kept the Borders very much in

His Mansion House was called *Guilt-nock-hall*, and his famed to this Day for his living in it, there being small Houses standing in the same Place, bearing the Name to this time; however, the larger Ruins shews it has been a Place very famous in former, for upon digging, the workmen found the Foundations very spacious; and some of them have had the Luck to light upon earthern-pots,

with

with the Coin of divers Kings, to the great inriching of them, and ſo they called it *Johnny Armſtrong*'s Bounty-money. Upon theſe things he imployed himſelf, till he was forty Years of Age, without being married, though ſeveral rich Offers were made to him of wealthy young Maidens; this made him conſider of altering his Condition, not ſo much for the Deſire of Marriage, as he might get an Heir to keep up the Grandeur of his Hoſpitality, and to carry his Name to Poſterity, as being deſcended of a very ancient and worthy Family, ſome of which are living to this Day.

CHAP. II.

How being ſettled, and living gallantly, he bethought himſelf of Marriage, and fell in Love with a Gentleman's Daughter of no Fortune; and of the ſplendid Entertainment he made; and how thereupon he was taken for the King, &c.

HIs Thoughts about Marriage were no ſooner known, but out of the Reſpect the Gentry and others in the Country had for him, many ſuitable Matches were propoſed; but as for Riches he lightly regarded it, relying mainly on the bounties of Providence, he reſolved to chooſe out one Handſome, Ingenious and Virtuous; and ſo it was not long e're he ſaw One as he was paſſing through a Market-Town, that he could fancy; and upon Inquiry, found ſhe was a Gentleman's Daughter, though of a mean Fortune, her Father being fallen much to Decay, by the Loſſes he had received by the War between the two Nations, in his Eſtate and Goods: But this made no Difference between them, the Gentleman was was glad to put his Daughter

Daughter off ſo well, and *Johnny* was as well pleaſed he had met with a virtuos modeſt Woman, not without a Sufficiency of beauty to pleaſe him well enough; and the Day being appointed, he promiſed to come and marry her, and ſo fetch her home to his Houſe. And in order to this, he arrayed his eightſcore Men in Purple, laced all with Gold and Silver-Lace, with Silver-hilted Swords, embroider'd Belts, guilded Spurs, and Plumes of white Feathers in their Bonnets, and bravely mounted, he rid in moſt gallant Attire at the Head of them; ſo that the People through the Towns as he paſſed, taking him for the King, they run before him, throwing up their Hats, and ſhouting; nor could they hardly be perſuaded by himſelf to the contrary.

His fair Miſtreſs was of the ſame Opinion, when looking out at the Window, upon the knocking at the Gate, and ſeeing her father's Houſe ſurrounded with ſo gallant a Troop, fancying it could be none elſe, and that he might be a hunting in thoſe Parts, and ſo came thither for entertainment; upon this ſhe run and waked her Father, it being yet early, and told him the King was come with a numerous Train to viſit him.

God forbid, ſaid he, *what ſhall we do then? We ſhall be undone, for all our Proviſions for thy Wedding will not be a Mouthful for them. Indeed the houſe looks fair and promiſing without, though my mean Fortune can allow but lean Coasmons. Go down and tell them I am not at home, I am ſick, or any thing to put them off; for better ſo, than pretend to entertain them, when we cannot do it; better ſtrain a Complement, than to be diſgraced, or at leaſt faſt I know not how long after.*

Upon

Upon this, down ſhe went, and peeping thro' the Wicket, demanded what brought them to her Father's Houſe; to which *Johnny Armſtrong* replyed, My Promiſe to you, that I would this Day make you my Wife. Upon this, knowing his Voice, and looking wiſhfully on him, ſhe could not but fancy him to be what before ſhe had thought, till he alighted, and ſaluted her kindly, aſſuring her he was no other than *Johnny Armſtrong* of *Gatlnock-hall*, in *Weſtmoreland*. Upon this throwing open the Gates, ſhe conducted him in, and run up to tell the Buſineſs, vvhereupon her Father coming down, kindly vvelcomed him. But vvhen he ſavv his Train, he bleſſed himſelf, to knovv vvhat he meant by bringing ſuch a number of Men ſo bravely accutred, fancying he had invited all the Gentlemen in ten Countries: But when he told him they vvere ſuch as uſually attended him vvhen he went upon any important Affair, his Wonder yet more encreaſed, for though he had heard he had daily relieved abundance of Poor, he could not believe he could keep ſo many Men in that Garb.

CHAP. III.

How he was married, and of the noble Entertainment he made, the number of his Servants and Attendants, and how he invited the whole Country to his Weding, &c.

NOW Matters being at this paſs, the Pages had the Care of the horſes, vvhilſt the Men light to refreſh themſelves; though all the Liquor in the houſe was not a Morning's Draught for them; vvhich made the old Gentleman, the Father conclude that this vvould be a Faſting-day of a Wedding. But vvhilſt theſe Doubts and Fears ſhook him like a Palſie, all on a ſudden arrived *Armſtrong*'s Cooks and Scullions, tvventy in Number, with a Carrivan of

of Proviſion ready to dreſs: after them his Butlers, being eight, with another of Wine, Cyder, Ale, and other Liquor; ſo that it ſeemed, when taken out, a Plenty ſufficient to have ſupplyed a little City againſt a Siege. So to work went the Cooks, *&c.* whilſt he and his Bride, bravely mounted, rode attended by his Men to the Church, making ſuch a Show as that Country had never before ſeen. The People upon Notice of it, coming far and near to be Spectators, ſome giving out, eſpecially the ignorant Sort, that Eſquire *Leonard*'s Daughter had married the *King* for certain; for as he came out of the Church, he gave a hundred Mark to be diſtributed among the Poor, which they fancied none but a *King* could or at leaſt would do.

When they came home, after the Wine of divers Nations had gone briskly about, they found the Tables covered with all manner of Varieties that Sea, Earth, or Air could afford, as, Fowl, Fiſh, Fleſh, Fruits, and other Dainties; and yet above half was not brought in, ſo that they were obliged, for want of Room in the Houſe, to have Tables ſpread in the Court-yard. For the Porter was ordered to make Proclamation, That all Comers ſhould be welcome that Day; and ſo till Night they drank and feaſted plentifully; and then his Muſick and his Maſqueraders to divert the Company till Bed-time; though indeed there was not Lodging for a fortieth part of them, ſo that open Houſe was kept all Night. And he finding the ill Conveniency of ſtaying there longer, took his leave of his Father-in-law the next Morning, and conveyed his fair Bride home with him in great State, and with her lived very happily, ſupplying her Father's Wants on all

Occaſions with Proviſion and Money, and made him live very comfortably.

CHAP. IV.

How having carried his fair Bride home, ſhe was magnificiently entertained: How ſoon after he had divers Encounters with the Scots, and thereupon a War ariſing between the two Nations, after the Battle at Bannock's *Bourn,* Weſtmoreland *fell into their Hands.*

BEing now at home, he ſo ſettled all things in good Order in that Country, that the *King* of *England* ſent him Thanks for the Care he had in protecting Paſſengers from Robbers and Thieves, as likewiſe from the plundering Scots, which he made many times go ſhort home, wherefore they mortally hated him, and layed ſome Deſigns to intrap him, but having his Guard of merry old true hearted Blades with him, he always came off with flying Colours. And during theſe Tranſactions his Wife was brought to Bed of a fair Son, which much rejoyced Parents Hearts, ſo that holding a Feaſt at his Chriſtening, all the Country in a manner, ſo that the Fame of it rung far and near.

In the middle of this Joy, he had Notice, that a Party of Scots were advanced within ten Miles of his Seat, ravaging and plundering the Country, ſo that the People came flying before them a pace; but he and his Men mounting, gave them Battle on the Borders of the Country, and overthrew them with ſo woful a Slaughter, that very few returned to *Carliſle,* (which Garriſon in thoſe Days the Scots held) to tell of the Defeat. Theſe

Theſe, and ſuch like Encounters and Depradations, cauſed an open War between the two Nations, which had been ſtilled for a Time; and King *Edward* of *England* marched towards *Scotland*, and entred it with a mighty Army, but very ill diſciplin'd; for the Scotch Hiſtorians tell us they were a hundred thouſand, beſides Women, Lackeys, and other Servants, many carrying their whole families with them to ſettle, when *Scotland* ſhould be over-run. But *Fortune* was here againſt the Engliſh, by reaſon of their Security and Over-confidence in their Number, for in a mortal battle at a Place called *Bannock's Bourn*, *Robert*, the Scots King ſetting upon 'em, utterly vanquiſh'd 'em with a leſſer Number, killing about ten thouſand of them, with the Earl of *Glouceſter* and two hundred Knights, Squires; and on the Scots ſide about ſix thouſand were killed, with divers Nobles and Gentlemen, ſo that they purſuing their Succeſs, won *Weſtmoreland* and *Cumberland*. Our famous *Armſtrong* was not at this Battle, but was much ſurprized at it, and would have perſuaded the retreating Engliſh, to whoſe Aid he was coming, to rally and face about; but wanting a warlike Prince to lead them, it proved ineffectual; and now he found himſelf conſtrained to become a Subject to the King of *Scotland*, or leave his fair Seat, which he reſolved not do, though his Wife and his Father in-law mainly perſuaded him to it, conſidering how much he had done againſt that Nation, and that he could not well expect but now it was in their Power they would not forget it: But he being of an undaunted Courage, told them, that he had been brought up a Soldier, and what he had done,

was

was according to the Law of Arms, and that even a generous Enemy could not but approve it: Beſides, in a little time all might be won back again by the Engliſh; and therefore he not being uſed to deſpair in Providence, or ſubject to fear, would not remove from a Place he ſo dearly loved upon Suggeſtions of Dangers that might ever happen, leaſt the World might impute to him a Cowardice he was never guilty of.

Theſe Words put them Silence, and he ſtill went on in his own generous Way of Living, keeping open Houſe, and doing all the Good he could even to the Poor of either nation without Indifferency, that no Exceptions might be taken, or he be branded with Partiality.

CHAP. V.

How being perſuaded to leave Guiltnock-hall, *and retire from the Scottiſh Revenge, being refuſed for many Reaſon; and great Commotions ariſing by the landing of the Danes and Redſhanks, he was ſuſpected upon the falſe Accuſation of a Lord:* How *the King invited him to* Edenborough, *to deſtroy him, and he promſed to go.*

DUring theſe Stirs, the Danes and Redſhanks, two bloody Northern Nations, made great Havock in the Weſtern Iſles of *Scotland*, where they had landed, and with them joyned ſome of the diſcontented Scots, as well Noblemen as others, ſo that the King knew not who to truſt, ſince ſome proved treacherous on whom he ſeemed moſtly to rely; this vexed him, and made him ſuſpicious even of his Friends, ſo that he impriſoned many of them out of

of Fear they ſhould joyn with the Engliſh, who were making Preparations to recover what they had ſo ſhamefully loſt; or with the Northern Enemy, to whom flocked a great many Outlaws and idle Perſons, who ſuppoſed in the midſt of Spoil and Plunder, they ſhould be enriched with the Goods and Chattels that others had induſtriouſly laboured for.

Theſe Proceedings made many of the Great Ones whom he ſent to, refuſe to come to him, leaſt they ſhould be clapt up as the others had been; and then what Accuſations might be brought falſly againſt them they know not.

This made him clap his Hand on his Breaſt, looking on thoſe that were about him, and with a Sigh, ſaid, *Ah! is* Scotland *ſo full of Treachery, that never a Man from the higheſt to the loweſt Degree, dare appear before his King when he ſends for him.*

Hereupon an Officer of his Houſhold ſtanding up, and then bowing low ſaid, *May it pleaſe your Majeſty, there is one, named* John Armſtrong *in* Weſtmoreland, *a valiant and truſty Man, whom I doubt not may do you Service. What is he,* ſaid the King, *or his Ability? Why,* replyed the Officer, *he lives very ſplendidly, gives Noble Entertainment to all Comers, and yet I never heard he had any Land to maintain it. Then,* ſaid the King, *he muſt live by Plunder and Robbery; and of ſuch there are too many in the Kingdom already. But does he keep any Men to attend him? Yes,* replyed the other, *he always maintains eightſcore gallant Fellows, bravely attired; and when he goes abroad, they ride with him well mounted and armed.*

Whilſt

Whilſt this *Dialogue* held, in came a Lord whom *Armſtrong* and his Men had a little before the Fight at *Bannock's Bourn* routed on the Borders, and reſcued a great Booty of Cattle taken from the poor Engliſh Country People, and challenged him to ſingle Combat; but he durſt not anſwer him. Of this mortal Enemy of his the King demanded, if he knew one *Johnny Armſtrong*, of *Weſtmoreland*, and what he was? *Know him*, replied he, *Yes, may it pleaſe your Majeſty, and ſo does all your poor Subjects on the other, and this ſide the* Tweed; *he has been a bitter Enemy to our Country, and is like to be ſo again, when the Engliſh, who now I hear are preparing to make an Attempt upon it; and unleſs your Majeſty can get him into your Hands, and deſtroy him, and the Neſt of Rebels he keeps, your new Conqueſts can never be ſecured to you.*

This falſe and malicious Report ſo incenſed the King againſt this juſt and valiant Man, that he reſolved, if poſſible, his Deſtruction, without enquiring further into the Matter; purpoſing to go with Forces, and immediately fall upon him: But that was objected againſt leſt, upon notice of the March, he ſhould retire into the *Engliſh* Territories, and become yet a more implacable Enemy: Therefore it was thought adviſeable in a ſecret Council, called to that purpoſe, he ſhould be ſent for to *Edenborough* under fair pretences of friendſhip, and there he and his Train he brought with him, might be cut off without much Reſiſtance.

This was agreed on as proper, whereupon the King writ to him the following Letter:

WE having heard much of the Fame of you, our dear and loving Subject, and your great Bounty, and many ſingular Vertues, have raiſed ſuch Admiration in us, that we could do no leſs at this time, then take Notice of one who is beloved of the common People, and may be ſo greatly ſerviceable to us, when things go ſo badly; Therefore I will not command, but earneſtly require you on the ſight of this our Letter to repair to us at our City of Edenborough, *with your Attendance, where you ſhall be heartily welcome. And for your ſafe Conduct, this our Letter, with our Royal Word and ſolemn Promiſe, ſhall be a ſufficient Pledge and Security.* Robert Rex.

This Letter was ſealed with the King's Signet, and ſent with all ſecreſie and ſpeed, which he received as he came from Hunting; and having highly treated the Meſſenger, and giving him his Promiſe to wait on the King on the Morrow, he diſmiſſed him.

CHAP. VI.

How he went bravely attended with his eightſcore Men to Edenborough, *notwithſtanding many Preſages that forbid it: The Diſcourſe he had with the King, who charging him wrongfully as a Traytor, and ordering him and his Men to be hanged, they fought with the King's Guards, the whole City in a bloody Battle, till they were all ſlain but his* Page; *and how his little Son promiſed to revenge his Father's Death.*

THe valiant *John Armſtrong* being at this Invitation a little puzled to think what the Reaſon ſhould be and therefore communicated it to his Friends, to have

their Opinions; but they were as much in the dark as himſelf; but ſince he had received the King's Letter of Conduct, and paſſed his Word to go, they concluded (all but his Wife, who was full of Fear for him) that it would be convenient for him to fulfill his Promiſe.

Whereupon he ordered his Men to be ready the next Morning, and to put on their beſt Apparel, which were Velvet Coats lac'd with three broad Gold Laces, and Scarlet Cloaks with five of Silver, as the moſt modiſh Faſhion of thoſe times, was alſo to put on their gold embroidered Belts, which were made to hang over their Shoulders, and every one a Falchion by his Side, with a ſilver Handle, a Buckler of Steel, and a plume of white Feathers in their Hats or Bonnets. The Emblem of them that they unluckily went into War and Miſchief.

His Commands were not diſputed, but in the Morning they were up with the Sun, and immediately had put themſelves in array to march; when all on a ſudden the glorious Luminary, that ſhone ſo bright at his aſcending our Horizon, was clouded and overcaſt, and Thunders began to rumble in the Air, which was the Fore-runner of Rain and Whirlwinds; however, there being ſome Signs of clearing up, he reſolved to ſet forward, but coming to take his leave of his dearly beloved Wife and little Son, and giving them many tender Kiſſes and Embraces, Tears trickled from his Eyes, contrary to their wonted Uſe, and his manly Courage failed him, and all on a ſudden he grew ſad and melancholly; without being able to give any Reaſon for it. But his Wive's Intreaties and his Son's Tears, were too weak to ſtay him; ſo with kind Farewels they parted, as they hoped, but for a time, but it proved a long one.

As they rid through several Towns, the People flocked to see their Bravery; at last they came to the flowery Banks of *Tweed*, which part rightly *Scotland* from *England*, and is its Boundary, over which River they passed by a Foard, and so rod on towards *Edenborough*, sending word before of his coming, least so great a Troop might make the City shut their Gates on a sudden, for fear of a Surprize.

The King no sooner had notice of this, but he placed his Guards to be ready on the first order to execute his Commands; but when he came to his Presence so nobly attended, he began to doubt it might be a mistaken Rumour of *Armstrong*'s coming, fancying it might rather be some foreign Prince come to pay him a Visit; wherefore upon his low bowing, the King moved his Bonnet to him in a courteous manner, bidding him stand up; but he was no sooner certified it was he, e're the kind Language was turned into the hateful Names of Villain Traytor, Enemy to *Scotland*, Thief, Robber, and much more of this unexpected Language, which something startled him; whereupon he bending one Knee to the Ground, begged Pardon if he had done any thing that had offended his Majesty; but as for his coming thither it was in Obedience to his Letter, which promised him better Entertainment, and safe Conduct, and therefore desired to know to what end he was sent for, tendring his Service if it might be accepted. No, Traytor, replied he, in a Rage, I need not thy Service, and as for the fair Promises in my Letter, 'twas to decoy you and your Nest of Thieves hither; and lastly, the Cause of sending for you, was to hang you and your Men; which shall be done by eight of the Clock to morrow Morning. At this, the bold English Man rising up unconcerned, with-

out fear desired he might justifie himself and his Men and be cleared of the false Report his Majesty had perhaps received of them. But the Lord who first accus'd him and some of his Creatures incensing the King against him, it was denyed, and the Guards which were about two thousand, had the Signal to drag them to Goal, and the next Morning to execute them.

Hah, says *Armstrong*, *hast thou thus broke thy Word with me, thus basely to ensnare and destroy me and my Men. Well, we are Men, and like Men we will die, if it must be so, and* Scotland *shall buy our Lives at a dear rate.* Upon that, looking behind him, and encouraging his Followers to take Example by him, he drew his trusty Sword, and making at the King through the thick of his Guards struck at him with such Fury, that he had ta'en off his Head at the Stroak, had he not nimbly avoided by falling on the Ground. *Armstrong*'s Men seeing their Leader engaged among so many Swords, immediately drew; and so laid about them that all the Place was slippery with Blood; driving those that remained unslain out of the Palace into the open Streets; whilst the Cry arose through all the City, as if it had been taken by Storm; so that at last three thousand more coming upon the Heroick *Armstrong*, being tired with the Slaughter of his Enemies, and faint with Wounds and loss of Blood, after some staggering, fell to the Ground; yet calling to his Men, encouraged them to fight on for after he had bled a little, he would rise and help them again. This made them like enraged Lions, so that Heaps of dead bodies barred up their way; till at last over-powered by fresh Numbers, and seeing no way of an honourable Retreat; they all, like valiant Men, dyed in their Master's Cause, leaving a bloody Victory, for there fell by their

their

Hands two thouſand five hundred Citizens and Soldiers. The King the mean while was retired to a ſtrong-hold for Shelter; and only of *Armſtrong*'s Party a little Page eſcaped, to tell the diſmal News; at which the Mourning of his Wife and all that Country made for his untimely Fall, is more than we can relate: However, his little Son ſitting on his Nurſe's Knee, vowed to revenge his Death, which, being a Man, he as gallantly performed,

Johnny Armſtrong's laſt Good-night.

IS there never a Man in all *Scotland*,
from the higheſt eſtate to the loweſt degree,
That can ſhow himſelf now before the King,
Scotland is ſo full of Treachery?

Yes, there is a Man in *Weſtmoreland*,
and *Johnny Armſtrong* they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
yet he keeps eightſcore men within his hall.

He has Horſes and harneſs for them all,
and goodly ſteads that be milk white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
with hats and feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving letter,
and with his own hand ſo tenderly,
And hath ſent it unto *Johnny Armſtrong*,
to come and ſpeak with *him* ſpeedily.

When *John* he looked this Letter upon,
good Lord, he lookt as blith as a bird in a tree,

I was never before a King in my life,
my Father, my Grandfather, nor none of us three.

But ſeeing we muſt go before the King,
O we will go moſt gallantly:
Ye ſhall every one have a Velvet-coat,
laid down with golden laces three.

And ye ſhall every one have a ſcarlet Cloak
laid down with ſilver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
with hats and brave feathers all alike.

But when *John* he went from *Guiltnock-hall*,
the wind it blew hard, and full faſt it did rain,
Now fare thee well thou *Guiltnock-hall*,
I fear I ſhall never ſee thee again.

Now *Johnny* is to *Edenborough* gone,
with his eightſcore Men ſo gallantly,
And every one of them a milk white ſteed,
with their bucklers and ſwords hanging on their knee.

But when *John* came the King before,
with eightſcore Men ſo gallant to ſee,
The King he mov'd his bonnet to him;
he thought he had been a King as well as he.

O Pardon, Pardon, my Sovereign Leige,
pardon for my eightſcore Men and me,
For my name it is *Johnny Armſtrong*,
and a Subject of yours, my Liege, ſaid he.

Away

Away with thee, thou falſe Traytor,
no Pardon will I grant to thee,
But to morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightſcore Men and thee.

Then *Johnny* look't over his left Shoulder,
and to his merry Men thus ſaid he,
I have asked Grace of a graceleſs Face,
no Pardon there is for you or me.

Then *John* pull'd out his truſty Sword,
and it was made of Mettle ſo free,
Had not the King mov'd his foot as he did
John had taken his head from his fair Body.

Come follow me my merry Men all,
we will ſcorn one Foot for to fly,
It ſhall ne'er be ſaid we were hung like Dogs,
we will fight it out ſo manfully.

Then they fought on like Champions bold,
for their hearts were ſturdy, ſtout and free,
Till they had kill'd the King's good Guard,
there was none left alive but two or three.

But then roſe up all *Edenborough*,
they roſe up by thouſands three,
A cowardly *Scot* came *Johnny* behind,
and run him thorow the fair body.

Said *John*, Fight on my merry Men all,
I am a little wounded but am not ſlain,
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
then I'll riſe and fight with you again.

Then they fought on like mad Men all,
till many a Man lay dead upon the Plain,
For they were reſolved before they would yield,
that every Man ſhould there be ſlain:

So there they fought courageouſly,
till moſt of them lay dead there and ſlain,
But little *Muſgrove* that was his Foot-page,
with his bonny Grizel got away unta n.

But when he came to *Guiltnock-hall*,
the Lady ſpied him preſently,
What news, what news, thou little foot Page,
what news from thy Maſter and his Company.

My news is bad, Lady, he ſaid,
which I do bring, as you may ſee,
My Maſter *Johnny Armſtrong* is ſlain,
and all his gallant Company.

Yet thou art welcome home my bonny Grizel,
full oft thou haſt been fed with Corn and Hay,
But now thou ſhalt be fed with bread and wine,
and thy ſides ſhall be ſpurr'd no more I ſay.

O then beſpake his little Son,
as he ſat on his Nurſe's Knee,
If ever I live to be a Man,
my Father's Death reveng'd ſhall be.

FINIS.